

**The Bamberg Herald**  
ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1891.

Published every Thursday in The Herald building, on Main street, in the live and growing City of Bamberg, being issued from a printing office which is equipped with Mergenthaler Linotype machine, Babcock cylinder press, folder, two jobbers, a fine Miehle cylinder press, all run by electric power with other material and machinery in keeping, the whole equipment representing an investment of \$10,000 and upwards.

**Subscriptions**—By the year \$1.50, six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents. All subscriptions payable strictly in advance.

**Advertisements**—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion, subsequent insertions 50 cents per inch. Legal advertisements at the rates allowed by law. Local reading notices 10 cents a line each insertion. Wants and other advertisements under special head, 1 cent a word each insertion. Liberal contracts made for three, six and twelve months. Write for rates. Obituaries, tributes of respect, resolutions, cards of thanks, and all notices of a personal or political character are charged for as regular advertising. Contracts for advertising not subject to cancellation after first insertion.

**Communications**—We are always glad to publish news letters or those pertaining to matters of public interest. We require the name and address of the writer in every case. No article which is defamatory or offensively personal can find place in our columns at any price, and we are not responsible for the opinions expressed in any communication.

**Thursday, July 15, 1915.**  
**Weekly Weather Forecast.**

Issued by the United States weather bureau at Washington, for the week beginning Wednesday, July 14, 1915.

For South Atlantic and East Gulf States:

The week will be one of generally fair and warm weather, except that scattered thunderstorms are probable.

It has been suggested that the organization of a split-log drag association in Bamberg county would greatly assist the county supervisor and commissioners in their efforts to keep the roads in good repair. These associations have been or are being formed in other counties of the State. The plan is for the members of the association, who are farmers residing along the public roads, to take each a piece of roadway, say one mile or two miles, and drag this section after rains or whenever it is necessary; the county paying for the hand and team at the rate of, say 25c per hour. In this way the roads could be dragged when they needed repair, and at times when the farmers would not be busy, for it would take only a few hours to drag a short stretch of roadway. It is quite impossible for the county's road hands to drag all of the roads every time they need dragging, for this would require a great many more teams and men than the county employs or could employ. Such an association, properly organized and conducted, would be of great value and we hope steps will be taken to put the plan into effect in this county.

**WHAT A NEIGHBOR IS DOING**

Walterboro is a close neighbor of Bamberg, a business rival, a commercial competitor. Read this dispatch appearing in the Sunday newspapers:

Walterboro, July 10.—Special: Work has been started on the extended waterworks system of the town, the sewerage system and the electric light plant, all of which will be carried on simultaneously and pushed to completion. Sometime ago the town voted \$40,000 bonds for this work, and that sum is now being expended and the effect on trade is stimulating.

The original bond issue was insufficient to carry through this work, but council has ordered an election for July 29, for the issue of \$15,000, if carried, the installation of a modern and all-sufficient set of public utilities. There seems to be little doubt as to the additional bonds being voted.

The construction company having the principal contracts has a large force of hands here and material is arriving every day.

Fifty-five thousand dollars for public improvements! A dispatch from Blackville, appearing a day or two previous, states work is progressing on sewerage and waterworks there. The same thing is going on at Barnwell and Allendale.

The Bamberg freeholders are now being asked to sign a petition calling for an election upon the matter of issuing \$40,000 in bonds for waterworks and sewerage.

Mr. Freeholder, will you vote to put Bamberg on the progressive map, or will you sit and see her stand still, or worse, slough away, because of a little more taxes?

Walterboro is swinging into line. Bamberg must.

**Scheme Didn't Work.**

Country Justice—I'll have to fine you a dollar, Jeff.

Jeff—I'll have to borrow it of ye judge.

Country Justice—Great snakes! it was only to git a dollar I was fining ye. Get out! Ye ain't guilty any-way.

**THE MEXICAN LEADERS.**

**An Intimate Sketch of the Three Mexican Chiefs.**

One morning in the early part of July I visited General Carranza when he was a guest of Francisco Villa, in the latter's palace in Chihuahua, formerly the residence of the great land baron, Terrazas.

Stepping into the great threshold of the mansion, and glancing through an open door at the extreme end of the room, I saw the president of Mexico sitting before his desk in a B. V. D. shirt, burying his face into a huge slice of watermelon, while the pink juice trickled down his long, white beard and dripped on his dusty patent leather shoes.

I stood spell-bound, but a moment later one of his secretaries leaped from—I don't know where—and, with a scream, closed the door between me and his chief. This done, he turned to me.

**An Affair of State.**

"What can I do for the senator?" he asked nervously.

"I wish to see President Carranza," I answered. "I am a newspaper man."

"Ah!" he smiled. "Just one moment. The first chief is busy now with affairs of State, but it will not be long before you may be admitted into his presence."

Commanding me to sit in the most gorgeous chair in the room, and bowing profusely, he disappeared from the room. Five minutes later he was inviting me into Carranza's private office. An entirely different scene confronted me. Carranza's desk was littered with papers. The watermelon had disappeared, and the big, egotistical first chief stood before me, attired in a new uniform of a screaming blue color. He stood up as I entered, and offered his hand.

"I have been very busy today," he said, in a deep, sonorous voice. "But I never refuse to see an intelligent newspaper man. Now, tell me, what papers do you represent?" I told him.

"Ah! they are a great many, are they not?"

"Si, senor," I replied. "Also the largest in every one of our great cities."

He beamed on me as he stroked his beard. "I am greatly interested! I am greatly interested!"

**I Am He Who—**

"Most of you American newspaper men have preferred to go to Francisco Villa for your news," he began, restroking his beard. "But Villa is only a subordinate of mine. I am the chief executive of this proud nation; I am Francisco Villa's commander; I am he who directs Francisco Villa's movements; I am the man who initiated the revolution against Huerta; I am he whom God has chosen to remold the history and government of this wonderful republic. I am—"

"How many children have you?" I interrupted.

"I have brought several into this world. I will make them great figures in history, because they are sons of a man who will remold this great and wonderful country. I—"

"How soon do you expect this revolution to be over?" I interrupted again.

"I will soon give orders to my different commanders which, when they are obeyed, will annihilate the enemy. I will then take complete charge of the affairs of Mexico. I will fill the greatest position in Mexico. I will fill the greatest position in Mexico with a dignity unparalleled in history. I—"

I forget the rest of it, but that night in my dreams huge capital I's danced around me and a chorus of voices sang: "I! I! I! I!"

**Emiliano Zapata.**

When I was in Mexico City last December a confidential agent of the American government invited me to accompany him on a trip to Cuernavaca, General Emiliano Zapata's headquarters.

Arriving at our hotel, Mr. Carothers demanded the best suite of rooms in the house. The clerk, struck by the importance of having two foreigners in his hotel, brushed aside the mozo, who carried our suit cases, and carried our baggage upstairs himself.

"Why there are no beds in this room and no furniture!" Mr. Carothers exclaimed. "I told you I wanted the best rooms in the house."

"Oh! but these are the best rooms in the house," answered the amazed clerk. "General Zapata confiscated all the rugs and sheets in the hotel so as to make clothes for his soldiers. You must sleep like we do—on the floor and use your coat for a pillow."

"All right, then," sighed Carothers. "Show us the bathroom."

**Zapata Needed the Water Pipes.**

"Oh! but there is no water in the bathrooms," exclaimed the clerk. "General Zapata has confiscated all the pipes so as to melt them into pennies. You must bathe in the fountain outside. You see there are no women hereabouts, so you can't ob-

ject."

We had scarcely bathed in the large, cool fountain in the patio, when an orderly arrived looking for me.

"You will find General Zapata across the patio in that room," He pointed a short, black finger toward the place behind me.

I entered a large, bare room. Rifles of every description were piled up in one corner of the sala. Near them stood huge sacks of metal disks. At least 100 chairs were placed around this enormous room. I stood there fully a minute before I noticed that to my immediate right sat, what appeared to me, a Zapatista soldier. He was even smaller than the others I had seen. He carefully examined the gun in his hands, and apparently satisfied that it was clean, laid it aside and continued to stare at me.

**Zapata Buys a Watch.**

His attention suddenly centered on a \$1.50 watch which I wore.

"What is that?" He grabbed my hand in a vise-like grip. I pulled it away sharply.

"That is a reloj—a timepiece," he explained.

"You lie like a dog. All watches are big."

"I held my wrist to his ear so he could listen to the ticking of the little watch. A look of amazement came into his eyes.

"Caramba!" he exclaimed. "It is so! What is it worth?"

I wished to impress him with my importance, so I replied: "A hundred dollars in gold."

He held out his arm. "Put it on me!"

"Why, do you want to buy it?" I asked.

For answer he whistled shrilly. Another soldier came into the room promptly. "Bring me \$100 in gold coins," said my friend. "Hurry up."

The messenger promptly returned with a large bag and handed it to my friend. He counted twenty pieces of gold and handed them to me.

"I believe that's equivalent to a hundred of your money, is it not?" I nodded, but my mouth was wide open.

Just then my friend, General Banderas, came into the room.

**"Greatest Warrior of Age."**

A beatific expression of child-like admiration came into his eyes as he turned to my friend on the bench.

"Si! Si! My great General Emiliano Zapata."

Turning to me he continued: "And my Amigo, I will introduce to you the greatest warrior of the age, Apostle of the people of Southern Mexico, and Savior of the Mexican nation, my General Don Emiliano Zapata!"

After I had gasped away my surprise, and returned the general's hundred dollars, saying that "I was only joking," I resumed my somewhat startling conversation with the famous half-naked Attila of the South.

"Do you intend to join forces with General Villa's army?" I asked.

"If Villa intends to play square with me; otherwise, I will crush him. What is your president's name?" he asked.

"Woodrow Wilson."

"Tell me," continued the inquis-

tive Zapata, "can Senor Wilson order his enemies executed?"

"Executed?" I gasped. "Of course not!"

"He can't order people killed?" he exclaimed in amazement. "Well, what's he president for?"

**Francisco Villa.**

The first time I saw General Francisco Villa he was sitting on a flat car, which was attached to one of his troop trains then on its way to Chihuahua. He had just finished a meal of tortillas and chilli and was singing a song of his own brave deeds, which some Mexican poet had recently composed.

The song was often interrupted when the general would pick his yellow teeth with a murderous looking knife, which he used for all purposes. I had heard so much about the bandit-general that I instinctively approached the flat car with great caution—or maybe it was timidity—on my part.

The song was stopped while the great northern leader glared at me. The pink silk shirt he wore stuck to his body on account of the heat; his face was unshaven, and remnants of his recent meal still decorated his mustache. I carried my camera in my hand.

**"Take My Picture."**

As I said before, I approached him with great timidity, and stood trembling while he glowered at me from his seat on the flat car. His first words startled me.

"Take my picture." The knife was laid aside as he threw out a huge chest.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" I muttered, fumbling with my camera. "Yes, sir!"

When I exhausted my supply of films I started to interview him by asking for his opinion of Huerta. The amount of profanity this query induced made me resolve never to ask that question again.

Cautiously I attempted the second question.

"What are your plans for the establishment of a government in Mexico?"

He straightened up and squinted his eyes, flourished his fist and pulled his mustache.

"I am fighting for the poor people," he bellowed, as he stuck his paw in my face. "The only thing I want is to take everything away from the rich people and give it to the poor."

"But can this present generation of uneducated classes run the great industries of Mexico?" I asked.

**A Second Napoleon.**

"Of course they will," he replied, with great emphasis.

"My guns and cannon can do anything. Where there is force there is power; where there is power there is a government. I am the savior of Mexico. Even your companions the other periodistas, call me the second Napoleon, so I have to save myself."

He took out a small corn-husk cigarette and fumbled in his pockets for a match. I saw he couldn't find one, so I reached for an automatic pocket lighter in my bag.

"Here, Senor General," I handed

**Baptists Form Federation.**

Greenville, July 10.—The South Carolina Federation of Organized Sunday-school Classes was perfected today by the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers. All pastors and superintendents with organized classes in their churches will be reckoned ex-officio members of the federation.

The officers elected are as follows: J. J. Gentry, Columbia, president; William Goldsmith, Greenville, first vice president; B. F. Allen, Elloree, second vice president; F. M. Burnett, Anderson, third vice president; A. J. Foster, Columbia, recording secretary; T. J. Watts, Columbia, executive secretary; Mrs. G. W. Quick, Greenville, reporter.

The addresses and lectures delivered today were enjoyed by a large crowd.

The attendance is in excess of anticipations. Delegates representing all sections of the State are in Greenville for the federation meeting and for the Bible conference, which will begin Sunday. The Bible conference will continue through the 16th. Chautauqua lectures will be delivered each evening.

The accommodations provided by the local committee are ample for the guests.

**Desperate.**

Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance where a dinner-dance was being given, says the New York Times. When the dessert course was reached the little girl was brought down and given a place next to her mother at the table.

The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and, in relating some interesting incidents, quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything.

After some time had elapsed Charlotte could bear it no longer. With the sobs rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could, and said:

"Does anybody want a clean plate?"

**Truth and Fiction.**

Boys will be boys  
Until 21—no more.  
Girls remain girls  
Up to 34.

it to him, "is a gift from your humble servant. You will find it very useful."

"Press that little button and you will find out," I replied.

He turned the little nickel-plated box in his hands and examined it gingerly; then he pressed the button. True to its reputation, the tiny patent sprang open and gave forth a generous flame. I have never seen such a look of terror come into any man's face. He threw it from him with all his might, and in a choking voice called his guards and placed me under arrest.

It took a lot of explaining and penola demonstration before the northern chief was satisfied that I did not intend to blow him up.—John W. Roberts, in the Sunday American.

**List of Purchases by Bamberg Co. Dispensary Board July 5, 1915**

The following awards made by the Bamberg County Dispensary Board, July 5, 1915, were made subject to increase or decrease.

	GALLAGHER & BURTON, Phila., Pa.			Sells For		
	Gal.	Qt.	Pt.	Qt.	Pt.	½ Pt.
5 cases Black Lable @	14.84	15.34	15.84	1.75	.90	.50
5 cases T. B. Ripy @	12.00	13.00	14.00	1.40	.75	.40
5 cases Golden Wedding @	10.00			1.25		
5 cases Henderson @	8.75	9.75	10.75	1.00	.60	.30
5 cases Private Stock @	8.50	9.00	9.50	1.00	.60	.30
5 cases Roger Corn @	8.50	9.50	10.50	1.00	.60	.30
5 cases Holland Gin @	8.50	9.00	9.50	1.00	.60	.30
5 cases Harper Rye @	10.00	10.50	11.00	1.25	.65	.35
5 cases Shaw Malt @	9.10	10.05	11.00	1.00	.60	.30
5 cases Mt. Vernon @	11.50	12.50	13.50	1.50	.80	.45
5 cases Upper Ten @	10.50			1.25		
5 cases B. R. Reserve @	14.00	15.00	16.00	1.50	.80	.45
5 cases Rexmore @	12.00	13.00	14.00	1.00	.60	.30
5 cases Gold Brook @	8.50	9.00	9.50	1.00	.60	.30
5 cases Tom Gin @	8.00	8.50	9.00	.75	.40	.25
5 drums Noland @	30.00	31.00	32.00	.75	.40	.25
5 drums Mountain Corn @	30.00	31.00	32.00	.75	.40	.25
5 cases Virginia Dare Wine @	4.65	5.45		.50	.30	
5 cases Sherry Wine @	4.15	4.95		.50	.30	
5 cases Scuppernong Wine @	4.15	4.95		.50	.30	
5 cases Blackberry Wine @	4.25	5.00		.50	.30	
1 car Schlitz Beer @	9.85	10.20		.25	.15	
25 cask Imperial Beer @	8.25			.10		
25 cask P. Pale Beer @	8.25			.10		
5 barrels 85 proof Corn, X grade, @	1.34					
5 barrels 100 proof Corn, XX grade, @	1.60					
5 barrels 85 proof Rye, X grade, @	1.34					
5 barrels 100 proof Rye, XX grade, @	1.60					
5 barrels 85 proof Gin, X grade, @	1.37					
5 barrels 100 proof Gin, XX grade, @	1.60					

The above awards were made (subject to increase or decrease by board) upon bids submitted in accordance with the advertisement of the board and opened July 5, 1915.

By order of the Board.  
J. S. WALKER,  
Clerk.

J. M. GRIMES,  
Chairman.  
J. B. KEARSE,  
W. H. FAUST.

**Facts About Our Ice Cream**

The Ice Cream that we serve you represents a degree of purity and deliciousness that is not surpassed by any other Cream in the State.

We make our own Cream on our own premises; we know that each ingredient that goes into it represents the best that can be bought; we use pure COWS' milk and cream, and the sanitary features surrounding the manufacture of our Cream is worthy of consideration.

The food value of our Ice Cream will compare favorably with that produced in any town in this State, and is far above that of the many inferior products offered for sale elsewhere.

We are equipped to satisfactorily supply our Ice Cream for special occasions, either in Brick or Plain Cream. Our prices are as low as our degree of quality will permit.

Out of town orders will receive our careful consideration and a promptness that you will appreciate. Write for prices before you place your orders elsewhere.

**MACK'S DRUG STORE**  
Bamberg, S. C.